

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, October 19, 1867.



## ST. MARY OVERY, LONDON BRIDGE.

THE BLACK CANONS; THE CHURCH, AND JOHN GOWER THE POET.

"SHIPS, colonies, and commerce," were three words often uttered by Napoleon; their united powers conquered even him; and the scene daily witnessed at the foot of London

Bridge, tells of other victories won by those three great forces of the modern world. The river, with its long vista of masts; the bridge, with its hurrying multitudes, and ceaseless tide

of "goods, wares, and merchandise;" the great railway stations, presenting a traffic which Babylon, "the glory of kingdoms," never knew; those telegraphic wires, speaking to India on one side, and to America on the other; and yon long line of river warehouses, containing the riches of remote nations—all these are daily attesting the triumph of "ships, colonies, and commerce."

What has St. Mary Overy to do with the spirit of maritime dominion? Look at the ancient church, and mark how, on this very spot, the commercial power has hemmed in the ecclesiastical. On one side, huge warehouses press closely upon the church, on the other, the railway trains pass, as if shouting victory over the departed Black Canons. In every quarter the trophies of the new order of things rise. If we look across the river, the massive Cannon Street Railway Station stands full in view, vaster than the priory in its brightest days. St. Mary Overy evidently feels the change. Move from this tumultuous spot she cannot; but see how she tries to sink out of notice, down in yonder hollow. Yet, Mary's seat is not really lower than of yore, but the ambitious world has enthroned itself on high, and the maiden seems seated in the dust.

Is not St. Mary Overy usually called St. Saviour's? Who, then, was Mary, and what does Overy denote? Some uncivil critics call Mary a myth; but to apply this term to a lady seems rude. The old and popular story is, that Mary was the daughter of a rich Saxon ferryman, who, before the coming of the Normans, made his fortune by carrying passengers over the river at this place. All his money went to Mary, who devoted it, and also the profits of the ferry, to the founding of a nunnery, called St. Mary Overy, or St. Mary over the water. But the doubters say this tradition took its present form 500 years after the time of the supposed Mary. John Stow, however, points out, with easy faith, the very place where Mary was buried. The author of a pamphlet, published in 1744, evidently knew all about her father, the Saxon waterman, who is there called John Overs. John was a terribly covetous fellow, and on one occasion pretended to be dead, hoping all the servants and family would fast for at least one day, and thus effect a saving. The servants, however, began to feast. This was too much for the miser, who descended to the kitchen, wrapped in his winding-sheet. The panic was indescribable, of course; but one of the terrified apprentices knocked out the brains of John Overs with a broken oar. This was not all; Mary's lover, hearing the news, took horse for London, and illustrated the proverb, "More haste, less speed." Being thrown from his saddle, the eager lover was killed on the spot; and Mary, poor

lass, determined to become a nun, and founded St. Mary Overy. Now, is not that a sensational story? Who would give it up for all the critics in London?

We are told that afterwards the nunnery was turned into a "college of priests" by a lady named Swithen, and that these collegiate men built the first London Bridge. That the priests should destroy all the revenues derived from the ferry by erecting a bridge, is rather improbable.

There seems reason for believing that William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, aided in settling the Black Canons here, and in building the nave of the church.

The rules at St. Mary Overy bound every "brother" to work till midday; from dinner to three o'clock was given to study; then all might walk out, but not singly, "two-and-two" being the order, and it was absolutely ruled that no canon was "to gaze on women;"—a very proper regulation.

Let us take one look at St. Mary Overy as it appeared in the days of old. On the west side of the church ran the cloisters; a quiet walk, where many a debate was carried on, and many a free word safely spoken on Church and State. Not far from the cloisters rose the stately mansion of the Bishops of Winchester, with its park of sixty acres, and on the south side of the priory stood another episcopal residence, Rochester House. But close to the priory, almost within sound of the daily chants, was the Clink Prison, in the midst of a den of thieves, and near to the notorious colony of "single women."

The priory buildings, Winchester Hall, Rochester House, and the Clink, went when the Reformation came. When Linsted, the last of the thirty-two priors surrendered the monastic property in 1539, the gross yearly income of the priory amounted to £656 18s. 0½d. Let not the reader smile at the odd halfpenny, it shows careful book-keeping. A part of the revenue was appropriated for pensions to the prior and canons. The "parchments" of St. Mary Overy's probably fell into the hands of some ignorant fellow, who looked upon all writings as did Jack Cade, when he cried, "Burn all the records." Certainly most of the old documents were destroyed. A part of the priory register was discovered a few years ago, forming the head of a child's drum! The horrified antiquaries soon rescued this fragment, and placed it in the British Museum. The priory cloisters and canons' houses were granted by Henry VIII. to his master of the horse, Sir Anthony Brown, whose son, Viscount Montagu, built a mansion on the site, long called Montagu Close. Some rich specimens of the old architecture were visible in 1808. The two parishes of St. Margaret and St. Mary Magdalene united in

purchasing the old priory church, which then became St. Saviour's, Southwark. Rochester House has wholly perished, the site now forming the Borough Market-place. Winchester Hall passed through various changes. A prison in the time of Charles I., sold by the Parliament in 1647 for £1191 3s. 4d., and afterwards let out to tenants who could only use the stately courts and rooms as warehouses, an antiquary's enthusiasm is now required to find a few stones of this once noble mansion. Barclay and Perkins's brewery stands on a part of the bishop's park. Thus the present church remains the only memorial of St. Mary Overy's canons and priory. Even this building has encountered some perils. The Lady Chapel was leased to John Peacock, a baker, who made it for a time "a filthy nuisance." Even in the present century the chapel has had a narrow escape. The engineers of new London Bridge coolly proposed the destruction of this part of the church, to make way for certain approaches; and the parish as coolly voted the same. Some men of taste raised an outcry, even wrote to the newspapers, and at last, not only induced the parish to rescind its vote, but raised £2,500 for the restoration of the building. This occurred in 1832; but the choir had, some years before, been restored and partly rebuilt, the transepts repaired, and the cruciform character of the church made clearer, in 1822, by removing the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene from the south side.

The parish was, for a long time, in no mood to attend to church architecture. In 1564, we find "Mr. Kettle, the minister," refusing to wear the surplice at the communion; he thereupon "has warning given him to quit the service of the parish." We presume the warning was taken, as we find "Mr. Hollyland" succeeding, at "twenty pounds a year for his wages." In the next year, "Mr. Harman was elected," receiving the twenty pounds, but "not the christenings;" and he was graciously permitted "to leave his benefice, giving a fortnight's warning." Sharp practice, on both sides, was this. But the politeness of the vestry is specially indicated by an entry in the year 1613:—"Ordered: that the minister be turned out at the pleasure of the vestry." Pleasant parish; happy ministers! Some modern vestries might do well to enforce the following rule, made by the St. Saviour's vestry in 1569:—"Only one vestryman speak at once, and the rest be silent, under a penalty of fourpence." Three years after, we read:—"Three vestrymen were expelled for disobedience and froward minds." Right, gentlemen, that is the effective plan. The vestry were, however, fond of good singing. In 1571 they order "the wardens to give the clerk warning, and to provide another, who shall be a good base and (*sic*) tenor."

The bell-ringers seem to have been more harmonious than the vestry. All who lament over the declining art of "triple bob," will rejoice to learn that on the 14th of March, 1758, "a peal of 5,040 triple-bob twelve" was rung in four hours and thirteen minutes by "the Society of College Youths." This roused the "Old London Youths," who, in the next month, rang "a peal of 6,336 bob maximus" in five hours and thirteen minutes. The seven old bells, each named after a popular saint, doubtless rang out a merry peal when the poet-king, James I. of Scotland, married Lady Jane Beaufort at St. Mary Overy's; for the bridegroom was a lover, not only of Jane, but of "sweet harmony."

If we turn from weddings to burials, the registers and monuments remind us that Gower is not the only famous man lying in St. Mary Overy's. Among the burials in 1607 we read:—"Edmund Shakespeare, player: in the church." Did England's greatest dramatist follow in the funeral procession the body of his brother? John Fletcher, the poet of drawing-room life, the companion of Ben Jonson, and the fellow-worker with Beaumont, was hastily buried here in 1625. Fletcher was a fine gentleman, and sustained the character to the end. He was caught by the plague, through waiting in London for "a fine suit" of clothes. The last of the Elizabethan dramatists, the author of thirty-seven plays, one being "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Philip Massinger, was buried in the churchyard in 1640. Bishop Andrewes, the favourite preacher of James I., the scholar, the eulogised of Milton, and one of the translators of the Bible, is now interred in the Lady Chapel, to which his coffin and monument were removed from the Bishops' Chapel, when the latter was taken down in 1830. The beautiful Austin monument, in the north transept, reminds us of one William Austin, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, who did not shrink from writing his own funeral sermon. If the reader should wish to know the text selected, he will find it in Isa. xxviii. 12. The epitaph on Lockyer, a quack doctor in the time of Charles II., contrives to be ever advertising his pills to the public; and one on a grocer, named Gerard, is very special in its revelations, telling us that in heaven there "are grocers many more."

John Gower the poet is the greatest name connected with St. Mary Overy's. The friend of Chaucer, the favourite poet of Richard II., and the writer of the second best English poem of the fourteenth century, is safe from oblivion. Little can be said about his life; he was an active writer, a hardworking scholar, able to live comfortably, and to take things pleasantly. Leland, Weever, Caxton, Mr. Todd, and Sir Harris Nicolas are unable to fix with certainty even his birth-place.

Some make him a student at the Temple; this Dr. Pauli questions. Leland elevates the poet to a judgeship of the Common Pleas; but Mr. Foss has no such name among his "Judges of England." Gower's marriage licence, his will, and his works give a little personal information. From the first we infer that his wife's name was Agnes Groundolf, and that the marriage was celebrated at St. Mary Overy's. From the will we find that the poet died possessed of considerable property, out of which he left bequests to the canons of the priory, to four churches in Southwark, to St. Thomas's Hospital, and to his wife. There were also legacies to all who should attend his funeral and pray for his soul. The will is dated "on the Feast of the Assumption,\* 1408." Administration was granted to the widow on the 24th of October in that year; the date of the poet's death is, therefore, nearly ascertained. From the will it seems that he was then living in the priory, towards the rebuilding of which he had largely contributed. Gower became blind in the latter years of his life. "In Henry the Fourth's first year I lost my sight," are his own words; and a little after, we read, "My works are finished; here I drop my quill." What are the works to which he alludes? They are three; one in English verse and two in Latin. The first, entitled "*Confessio Amantis*," or, "The Confessions of a Lover," is a curiosity in English literature. Think with amazement of a man writing 30,000 verses about love! Do we not marvel at the sublime patience of readers then? The other great work is in Latin, entitled "*Vox Clamantis*," "The Cry of a Complainer," and deals with the insurrection of the people under Wat Tyler. Gower depicts the peasants, not only as beasts, but as beasts which had lost their own proper natures. The asses have become lions, the oxen dragons, and all are led by a chattering jay; the said jay representing Wat Tyler. Gower also

\* August 15.

makes a fierce attack on every order of society; on the Lollards, clergy, lawyers, and traders, not sparing the king himself, whom he specially "warns against women." The fiercest invectives of Gower are directed against the "servants" of his time. Housekeepers of the nineteenth century may, therefore, find a little comfort in recollecting that the "domestic grievance" existed at least four hundred years ago. Gower's third work, the "*Chronica Tripartita*," or "History in Three Parts," is in Latin rhymed verse, and describes the miseries brought on the land by the imbecile misgovernment of Richard II.

The rich monument of the poet is now in the south transept of St. Saviour's, to which it was removed from St. John's Chapel, in the north aisle, by Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland. The recumbent figure of Gower lies beneath a three-arched canopy, richly ornamented with cinquefoil tracery. The head is supported on his three works; a dog watches at the feet; and on the wall are three female figures, named Charity, Mercy, and Pity, who are "saying endless prayers," in old French, for the departed. The monument is kept in repair by the Duke of Sutherland's family, which is supposed to be connected with that of the poet. In former times, a tablet was suspended by the monument, offering an indulgence of "fifteen hundred days" to all who prayed for the soul of John Gower. He little imagined, when fulminating against the Lollards in his "*Vox Clamantis*," that his own loved priory would be overthrown by the power which had even then spoken in John Huss, Jerome of Prague, John Wickliffe, and in his own friend, Geoffrey Chaucer. Yet this same power, revering the essence of religion more than its mere forms, has preserved his church and monument from ruin. The principles of Wickliffe have substantially triumphed; but the poet's ancient tomb retains its original beauty, and a whole parish now worships where a few canons chanted.

#### MARTYRS.

**T**HRILL to think what weight of joy doth  
press  
Those brows which here were wreathed in  
the flame;

How that most cruel crown of blood and shame  
Is brighter grown than mortal eyes can guess.  
And how with equal thought their voices bless  
Their peerless King with everlasting fame;

And how they are inscribed with that name,  
And clothed in unuttered loveliness;  
And how they yearning look upon that face,  
Which here did weep for them its sweat of blood,  
And looking live, and gather grace on grace;  
And harp their rapture till their praises flood,  
Sea-like, the shores of all that blissful place,  
Wherein they dwell for ever great and good.

J. S. W.



## JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.—II.

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A., VICAR OF STRADBROKE.

**N**OW pass on to the second point which I proposed to take up. I will try to point out the *practical lessons which the whole subject ought to teach us in the present day.*

I approach this branch of my subject with a deep sense of its importance. Perhaps we are all apt to exaggerate the character of the times in which we live. Yet I am bold to say there never was a day in the history of English Christianity, when there was so much need for jealous watchfulness over Christ's truth, and specially over that part of it which I am now considering. The horizon is black on all sides. When we see what we see, and hear what we hear, within the pale of the Church of England, our heart may well tremble for the ark of God. What, then, do the times demand?

1. Take heed, then, first of all, in these days, that you thoroughly *understand the doctrine of justification.* There is no doctrine about which so many mistakes are made, because none which the devil labours so hard to overthrow. Full well does he know that it has twice turned the world upside down, and delivered many of his captives. No wonder that he is always tempting churches and ministers to obscure or deny its truth. No wonder that the Popish Council of Trent directed its chief attack against the doctrine, and backed its decrees on this subject with no less than thirty-three anathemas.

I am sure that the warning I give on this point of *understanding justification*, is much needed. We have fallen on days when a vast quantity of vague, foggy, indistinct teaching passes current as Christianity, though, in reality, it does not deserve the name. Earnestness, eloquence, cleverness, and liberality cover all defects with many hearers; while the real doctrines of the Gospel are never brought before them. Thousands of church-goers and chapel-goers, I am afraid, if they had lived at Antioch 1,800 years ago, would have said that Paul was a narrow-minded, scrupulous man, with a morbid fear of heresy, and that Peter was quite in the right.

In days like these, I summon all who read these pages to take heed that they are sound about justification by faith. See that you have clear, sharp-cut, well-defined ideas of the whole subject, and strengthen and refresh your minds with frequent reading about it. Study often, and with prayer, the Epistle to the Romans and the one to the Galatians, and make yourselves familiar

with their contents. Read again and again the works of some of those English divines who have handled this subject with the pens of masters. The "Homily of Salvation," the Oxford sermons of Archbishop Usher, the sermons of Hooker, Beveridge on the "Eleventh Article," Traill's "Defence," the volume of Bishop M'Ilvaine on Justification, and the sermons of Bishop O'Brien on Faith, should have many readers in this day. This only I say, in leaving the point—a mistake here is a mistake that will spoil all your Christianity. Wrong about justification by faith, your religion will be like a watch with a screw loose—it will be wrong all the way through.

2. In the second place, *settle it in your minds, in these days, that the doctrine of justification by faith is absolutely essential to the prosperity of a church.* It is the life and heart, the backbone and marrow of Christianity. I believe that no church is really in a healthy state in which this doctrine is not prominently brought forward and honoured. A church may have good forms and a sound confession of faith, a full complement of ordained ministers and sacraments duly administered, schools in every parish and noble ecclesiastical buildings in every part of the land; but there will be no blessing from God on that church, unless justification by faith is proclaimed in its pulpits.

Why have the churches of Africa and the East fallen into their present state of decay? Had they not numbers of bishops, who could trace their orders to the apostles? They had.—Had they not forms, and liturgies, and canons, and constitutions of truly venerable antiquity? They had.—Had they not fine cathedrals, gorgeous vestments, pompous processions? They had.—Had they not synods and councils in abundance? They had.—Had they not hermits, and recluses, and holy virgins, and ascetic orders? They had.—But they let drop out of their hands the doctrine of justification by faith. They lost sight of that mighty truth, and so they fell. Darkness covers the districts where crowds used to hang on the lips of Chrysostom and Augustine. A church without the doctrine of justification is a body without life.

Why did the Church of England do so little in the last century, and why did the Methodist body make such a mighty stride, and draw away so many of our countrymen into its ranks? Was it that the Methodist system was intrinsically better than other systems? No.—Was it that

the Church of England was not adapted to meet the wants of hungering souls? No.—But the Methodist preachers, as a rule, preached justification by faith, and in too many cases the clergy did not preach the doctrine at all. Bishops and deans who preached little better than moral essays, declaimed in vain to empty benches, while humble men, like Nelson, the Wesleyan stonemason, were followed by thousands. Defective doctrine, in the grandest cathedral that ever was reared, will never cope with truth in a barn.

Why have so many English people become regular attendants at dissenting chapels in the present day? Why do we sometimes see a splendid Gothic parish church empty, and cold, and bare, while a little plain brick building, called a meeting-house, is filled to suffocation? Is it that people in general have any abstract dislike to episcopacy, or to the Prayer-book, the surplice, and the Establishment? I think not. The simple reason, in many cases, is the lack of Gospel truth in the parish pulpit. Labouring and heavy-laden consciences want something more than carved roofs and painted windows, gaudy vestments and beautiful flowers. They want food; and that food is justification by faith. After all, it is a true, though quaint saying, that the "lining of the pulpit" is the most important part of church furniture. The font, and the communion-table, and the chancel, and the east window, are nothing at all, if the pulpit is not well lined. When people cannot hear justification by faith in the parish church, we must not wonder if they seek it elsewhere.

3. Thirdly, and lastly, *understand distinctly, in the present day, that the root and fountain-head of half the errors of the Romish Church is rejection of justification by faith.* That little, packed, clerical meeting, commonly called the Council of Trent, has deliberately set its seal to a thoroughly unsound and unscriptural statement about this mighty doctrine, and made it binding on all Romanists. He that reads the Decrees of Trent about justification, may well say, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" No Romish teacher, if he is faithful to his Church, can say to an anxious sinner, in the same sense as St. Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He cannot do it without additions and explanations which completely destroy the good news.

Hear what good Bishop Hall says on this point: "The grossest of the Popish heresies, and the most venomous opinions of Rome, are conversant about justification, free will, the merit of our works, human satisfaction, indulgence, purgatory, and the difference of mortal and venial sin.

"That point of justification is of all others exceedingly important, insomuch that Calvin was

wont to say that, if this one point might be yielded safe and entire, it would not quit the cost to make any quarrel about the rest. But while the Tridentine Fathers take upon them to forge the formal cause of our justification to be our inherent righteousness, and thrust faith out of office, what good man can choose but address himself to opposition? Who would not rather die, than suffer the ancient faith of the Church to be depraved with these idle dreams? In the meantime, we cannot but scorn to see the souls of men so shamefully deluded, while we hear the Spirit of God so often redoubling 'without works,' 'not by works, but by faith,' 'being justified freely by his grace.'"

"But some, perhaps, may think this a mere strife of words, and not hard to be reconciled; for that which to the Papist is inherent righteousness, is no other to the Protestant than sanctification, both sides holding this equally necessary. True! but do both sides require it in the same manner? do both require it to the same end? I think not. Yea, what can be more contrary than these opinions to each other? The Papists make this inherent righteousness the *cause* of our justification; the Protestant, the *effect* thereof. The Protestant requires it as the companion, or page; the Papist, as the usher—yea, rather, the parent of justification." "Imputed righteousness and inherent righteousness differ no less than God and man—Trent and heaven. Wherefore, let our Romanists confess that which both Scripture and Fathers, and all their modester doctors, have both thought and reported to be the common voice of the former Church in all times, and then we are agreed. Otherwise, what 'fellowship hath God with Belial? or light with darkness?'"\*

Reader, you are well aware that mighty efforts are being made now-a-days to bridge the gulf between ourselves and Rome, and to bring about a reconciliation of what are called the Western churches. Books like Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon" and institutions like the "Society for Promoting Unity of Christendom," are plain evidence of what I mean. I trust I need hardly say a word to warn you against this movement. So long as Rome is what Rome is, and the Church of England is what she is, reconciliation between the two is utterly impossible. Our differences are not about Mariolatry merely, but about the cardinal doctrine of justification by faith. Let us stand fast here. When the Romish Church repudiates the decree of Trent, and is sound about justification, then, and not till then, it will be time to begin talking of union. When she gives Christ his rightful office, and faith its rightful place, it will be time to talk of reconciliation. Till then this movement in favour of re-union with Rome is an insult to the common sense of all English Protestants. It is

\* Hall's "No Peace with Rome," vi. and vii.

an unworthy effort to sell the pass for the sake of a nominal peace. Well says Bishop Jewell, in his "Apology," on this very point,—“We do not decline concord and peace with men, but we will not continue in a state of war with God, that we may have peace with men.” “If the Pope does indeed desire we should be reconciled to him, he ought first to reconcile himself to God.” Reader, this witness is true. Without justification by faith, no peace with Rome!

And now let me conclude this paper with a few words of practical application:—

(1.) Let me first of all urge on all who read these pages the immense importance of *making sure work of your own justification*. The caution, I am certain, is very needful. A day of controversy and discussion has its own peculiar perils and snares. Men are apt to confound clear views of doctrine with a personal interest in Christ, and to forget that it is one thing to have clear views of justification, and quite another thing to be justified. Take heed, I charge you all—take heed, that you are not deceived. Rest not till you know and feel that you are one with Christ, and Christ in you. See that your faith be not merely a word, and a name, and a notion, but the experience of your own heart, and the comforting exercise of your daily life. What shall it profit you and me to be sound Protestants, if we have not the faith of God's elect—the faith that saves? Without it, men will find one day they had better never have been born. Having it, they may stand unmoved amid the crash of empires and downfall of churches, and say, “It is well.” Make sure work of this, my brethren, make sure work. He that is justified by faith—he, and he only, is the man that has peace with God.

(2.) In the next place, let me entreat all who read these pages, to *know the times in which they live, and to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints*. We have fallen on days of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy, when the very foundations of British Protestantism are in danger. At the rate we are now going, a few more years will see Popery reigning supreme in England, and truth trampled under foot. Let us know our danger, and each in his own place do his duty, and manfully resist the evil. There is nothing in the state of things we see that need surprise us. Luther, with prophetic foresight, always predicted that the true doctrine of justification by faith would one day fall into discredit. “I tremble,” says Chemnitz, “when I remember his words.” Our own Bishop Burnet, in his preface to the “History of the Reformation,” ventured to make a similar prediction about the revival of Romish doctrines. The time and the hour are come. In our time the grand old doctrine is assaulted. On us falls the great responsibility of making what fight we can to preserve it whole and undefiled, and hand it down to our children.

Let us, then, quit ourselves like men and be strong. Let us urge on our lay brethren to read their Bibles more, and become familiar with their contents. A Bible-reading laity is the life of a church. Let us settle it firmly in our minds that the church which loses justification by faith is a church not worth preserving. Such a church may have the fabrics, and the endowments, and the dignity, but it will not have that, without which, all the rest is worthless,—it will not have the blessing of God. Ichabod will soon be written on its doors. The ark of God will have been taken.

## THE OLD WOUND.



ES, 'tis an old wound, Lizzie, love;—I got it years ago,

When French and English won renown amid Crimean snow;

'Twas at nightfall, in the trenches, and a friend was by my side,

We were both struck down together,—I recovered, but he died.

He was a better man than I, his life more pure than mine;

But who amongst us can at first God's purposes divine?

“He being dead, yet speaketh,” and his memory to this day

Is living, though his quiet grave lies many a mile away.

Your light hand hovers o'er the scar,—yes, touch it if you will;

Yet, Lizzie, there are moments when the old wound pains me still:

Sometimes when in this varying clime, the wild east wind blows keen,

I feel a pang shoot through the spot where the old hurt has been;

Only a little fleeting pang—one moment does it last,

To waken thoughts of gratitude for great deliverance past.

And then I call to mind again the wet and weary night

Spent in the deadly trenches, toiling hard till morning light:

And all the fearful sacrifice of brave lives offered there,

When Russian shot and shell poured fast through the thick murky air:

Once more comes back the sudden shock that struck  
us helpless down,  
And sent one true soul upward to receive the victor's  
crown.  
No tears, my Lizzy! all is past,—the hard-earned  
fame is won,  
And who would weep for him whose home is now  
beyond the sun?  
But talking thus has brought up scenes (long  
vanished) to my mind;  
So, listen, I will tell you of a wound of different  
kind:  
It was not given in the fight where foe is meeting  
foe,  
'Twas dealt me by a hand I loved, a long, long time  
ago!  
Not in the roar of battle, while my comrades round  
me fell,  
But when the sunset's crimson flush spread over  
wood and dell,  
And all the golden fields lay still, beneath the warm  
rich light,  
Then came the blow that smote me with such hard  
and cruel might.  
Lizzie, I loved her,—though in truth we both were  
very young,  
I did not dream that falsehood's taint to such a  
nature clung.  
She won me by her beauty first—a beauty strange  
and rare;  
Who, looking in those eyes, could see the demon  
lurking there?  
And solemnly, and steadfastly, in firm and earnest  
tone,  
She spoke her vows, while on her face the tender  
moonlight shone.  
We parted for a little while, and when the autumn  
came,  
I sought her side, and found her sweet calm smile  
was just the same.

She led me forth amid the flow'rs, and toward the  
western glow,  
We went together;—when she spoke, her voice was  
clear and low.  
She bade me cast away the dream—the dream of  
love and truth,  
She told me that such feelings were the wild romance  
of youth;  
And thus she left me, smitten down, and wounded  
deep and sore,  
And longing for that rest where earthly passions  
come no more.  
'Twas years before that heart-wound closed, and still  
as time wore on,  
I found the pain yet linger, even though the love  
was gone;  
The pang of suffering bitter wrong, the smart of  
wounded pride,  
Were left behind, although at last, my scorned affec-  
tion died.  
Lizzie, to read your anxious look it needs but little  
skill;  
You long to ask the question: "Does the old wound  
pain me still?"  
No; hear me, and be satisfied. The scar may yet  
remain,  
As a reminder of the past, with all its long-felt  
pain,  
To raise my earnest gratitude;—for God alone can  
know  
How great the peril I escaped, when fell that crushing  
blow;  
For if that false, cold heart had linked with mine its  
life and fate,  
My first impulsive, boyish love would soon have  
changed to hate!  
A thousand times is former woe repaid by present  
bliss.  
Will not my words convince you, love? then take  
this answering kiss.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A DULL PARTY.



P in the big bare attic, which was their bedroom, study, and sanctum, the lads put out their candle, flaring in the light wind that came in, scent-laden, from the garden, and prepared to undress by the light of the moon.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," said Archie, sitting down on the window-sill overlooking the garden. "I would like to go out again. Wouldn't it be glorious to hook a chap like yon in the moonlight, and run down with him—down, down all the way to the sea, and him turning up his silver sides in the shallows!"

Archie's imagination was running away with him at a rapid rate. "I could jump out here into the apple-tree," he went on, "and be down in a moment," and as if to suit the action to the word he swung his legs outside the casement.

A great unrest had stirred and troubled the youth, and he was really not very far from acting on his sudden impulse and dropping into the garden below, when he must have wandered about all night or have taken the not very agreeable alternative of rousing the whole household, in order to get in again.

"Archie, man, are ye daft?" (half mad, half foolish) cried his sober-minded brother; "that comes of whistling after prayers."

"What's a fellow to do, if he daurna whistle, or





(Drawn by H. HERKOMER.)

"A thousand times is former woe repaid by present bliss."—p. 72.

even stretch himself straight?" said Archie, ruefully; at the same time bringing in his legs and rising till his head touched the ceiling.

"Sleep on't," said Sandie, laconically.

"I say, what for did ye say nothing about that gran' captain?" said Archie, who did not seem inclined to "sleep on't."

"I waited for you to speak," replied his brother.

"And I didn't because mother was so down upon Peggy. If I had been her, I wouldn't have gone off with him like yon though."

"Like what?" said Sandie.

"So ready like, as if she had known him all her life."

"He never speired (asked) her leave," retorted Sandie, becoming champion in his turn.

"He looked down on us—that was plain enough."

"He thought we were only loons" (boys).

This was the head and front of his offending evidently.

"I would like to be a soldier," broke in Archie, abruptly.

"Ye would do no such thing," replied his brother.

"How would you like to stand as straight as a poker, strapped up in stays and a stock, and no daurin to put one foot by the other till ye were ordered? As for that Captain Oglivie, he's a puir pipeclay-faced creature, looking as if he would break in twa in the mids."

Thus it came to pass that nothing whatever concerning Captain Oglivie transpired at the manse. Archie and Sandie felt that Peggy's star was somehow not in the ascendant with their worthy mother, and they held their tongues about her, having once had their confidence checked.

So, to the girl's great astonishment, not a word was said on the subject, when she went over as usual to spend the Saturday afternoon with the minister's wife. She had anticipated a perfect catechism, and though she did not expect to find it pleasant to be closely questioned when she knew so little, the absence of all comment chilled and disappointed her; moreover, she was made to feel that she had somehow incurred Mrs. Grant's displeasure.

On these Saturday afternoons, the manse garden had been the resort of the entire family, and the busy idleness which reigned there had been fully appreciated by Archie and Sandie, who had inherited the indolent temperament of their father; but on this particular Saturday, their mother had determined to drive them forth.

"It's quite impossible for your father to study with such a clatter going on under his window," she had said.

The doctor could not have been very intensely absorbed at the moment, for he thrust his red face and shiny head most opportunely out of the window and beamed upon them.

"They're not disturbing me in the least, my dear," he said, addressing his wife.

"My dear," replied the lady, "it's time that a stop were put to the idle habit of lying about here for a whole day;" and she pointed to Archie and

Sandie, whose legs were certainly "lying about" in various directions, indicative of ease; while Peggy's position as she sketched, with a book on her lap, was not conducive to serious activity. "You had better go and take a brisk walk," she added, turning to the lads, who had drawn in their legs a bit, "or take your books into the wood, and rouse yourselves to read, instead of lying there."

"I'll go too," said Peggy, "and we'll really work." She knew that it would be a considerable effort to her companions to rouse themselves, and she was anxious to help them to make it, as she had often done before. The doctor began to rub his hands at the window, and to go through the process of washing his head.

"I thought you had come to spend the afternoon with me," said Mrs. Grant, austere. "What is good for them is not necessarily good for you," she added, slightly softening the asperity of her tone.

Now, though Peggy was perfectly unconscious of any cause of offence, she was keenly sensitive, and the expression of her face was utterly beyond her control. She felt the tone, indeed, more than the words. The same words from the doctor, would have had the effect of a pat on the cheek; from Mrs. Grant they fell like a rude blow, and the crimson rushed over her face in consequence, as if she had been guilty of the grossest fault.

"Let the bairns have a holiday," interposed the doctor; "I feel restless myself this hot afternoon, and would like a walk in the wood;" and he actually flung himself out of the open window, exactly as Archie would have done; but with more detriment to his dignity.

"Hot weather makes us ill-behaved: eh, Mistress Peggy! Archie run in for my hat! Now come along."

The last words were addressed to Peggy, who stood still, hesitating painfully.

"Let me stay," she said, sweetly; but her sweetness was of no avail.

"Oh no, you need not stay," was the reply, uttered with exceeding stiffness. No nature that is not generous can always be just, in spite of the time-honoured maxim which tells us to be just before we are generous. Mrs. Grant at that moment was unjust to her husband, unjust to her sons, and most unjust to the innocent cause of their present misdeemeanours.

So the doctor marched off with Peggy, and the other two followed. They did not go far, because of the heat. They turned aside into the wood, and lay down in the shade, but their pleasure had sensibly decreased without any corresponding increase of work. The doctor found his little party unusually dull. The lads strolled away, and came back again and resumed their objectionable attitudes. Peggy sketched in silence at the foot of a tree.

At length they went in to tea, rather wearily. Mrs. Grant still looked stately and displeased. The doctor gently bade his sons withdraw for the purpose of study, and was gently obeyed; and earlier than usual Peggy took her leave.

Mrs. Grant gave her husband to understand that she thought the young folks wanted looking after.

"My dear wife," said he, "regulation is all very well in its way, but if you have to move the hands of your watch with your finger constantly, it will be of but little use to you. The works must be in order—the moving-springs of conduct must be right within. And I think with our two lads the works are in order, only they're a little slow. As for Peggy, I see no fault in the lassie."

"Dangerous! pooh, pooh, wife! You can't keep the lads in your pocket. As for her, she's in no danger from any such twelve feet of awkward bone and muscle."

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE CAPTAIN ON HIS GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

CAPTAIN HORACE OGLIVIE had been brought up on expectations; about the worst fare on which any young soul can be fed. Some of these expectations had come to pass, some had altogether failed, and some yet remained to be realised. Among these last was the expectation that a goodly inheritance would sooner or later fall to him from the decay of the elder branch of his father's family. His mother had nourished this expectation, as soon as the death of Sir Alexander and the hopeless condition of his heir was known to her. She was a widow, and her son was dependent on her, and on sundry smaller expectations from her side of the house. As a boy, he had been delicate, and, in the hands of a weak and indulgent woman, self had become the centre of the universe to him. He had got into debt more than once, and just at the right time had one of his expectations fallen due, and he had been extricated from his embarrassment by a windfall of a legacy. It would have been better for him if he had been left to extricate himself, had that been possible, for, he learnt to build his hopes on the extremity of others.

Such was Horace Oglivie—no fool, but a man of considerable intellect and taste; of cold but elegant exterior; with a good deal of soft, superficial sentiment, but, in reality, hard as a flint. Under another discipline, he might possibly have been another sort of man. It seemed conceivable that the flinty rock of selfishness might be fused by some ennobling passion, and turned into crystal in the fire. Was there in him the possibility of such a passion?—that was the question.

Having at present exhausted his resources, and nothing more falling in, he had come northward among his Scottish relations—his mother was an Englishwoman—to see how matters stood, to spy out the land in fact. The Oglivie inheritance was well worth looking after, having been in the hands of excellent trustees during the long minority which, of course, would continue during the lifetime of the present possessor.

He had gone straight to head-quarters, and had met with a favourable reception from his elderly cousins. Years were beginning somewhat to relax the

rigidity of Margery Oglivie. She was nearer to what she had been in her youth, in some respects, than she had been during those intervening years. In the autumn of life, Nature seems to make a last effort to ripen and sweeten some characters of real worth, which have been hardened and soured by sunless gloom. She was not going to make the mistake of driving away a friendly face, with the stamp of kindred upon it, as she thought she had driven away one whose brightness haunted her. So Horace Oglivie's welcome at "the Forest House" was a good deal warmer than he deserved.

It was an altogether new phase of life to which that gentleman was introduced, and many a mental shrug and grimace he made in accepting a share of it, even for the shortest possible time. It was utterly unpalatable to him in its narrowness, and rigidity, and gloom; and not without an element of horror and repulsiveness, from which he shrank physically as well as mentally.

His stay would have been very short indeed, but that he fully comprehended the situation, and resolved to be upon his good behaviour. A barren title would be his on the death of his wretched cousin, but for the goodwill of these old women, who appeared to him to be nearly as foolish as their brother. They were bound to provide for him, no doubt; but people did not always do as much for Captain Oglivie as he considered they were bound to do: moreover, he could hardly take a hasty leave of them, as he had given as the reason for his visit the present unoccupied condition of his existence.

He felt that Miss Margery was watching him keenly; but he did not guess how shrewdly. He could feel her cold blue eyes on his face, as he sat opposite to her in that dreary dining-room, which she affected so much. They glanced harmlessly enough from the handsome mask before her, where neither colour nor motion played; but he did not know what power they had to pierce the surface, nor how vigilant was their scrutiny.

To Miss Margery, Captain Oglivie was deferential, without a shade of obsequiousness; to her sister, he was confidential. It was from the latter that he learnt the existence of Louis Oglivie's daughter—a fact of which he had been in ignorance. Here, indeed, might be a formidable rival; nearness in point of situation might make up for his own greater nearness in point of relationship.

He could make out very little from Miss Janet's narrative, save the regret of both the sisters that a pretty, timid child had fled from them in fear, which did not, all things considered, appear to him remarkable. There was, he could see, a soreness about it in the woman's mind, which was quite as closely allied to kindness as to displeasure. She had evidently been at pains to gather little bits of gossip about the girl—about her beauty, which was certainly exaggerated; and her sweetness and brightness, which were winning all who came near her. He was partly reassured by the resentful tone in which Miss Margery spoke of Gilbert Oglivie, and all

belonging to him; though, on the subject of the girl, on which he ventured to sound her, she maintained the grimmest silence.

Toward the close of the week the captain's patience was quite exhausted, and he would have taken his departure; but it was not Miss Margery's intention to let him off so easily: she had not seen through him yet. She felt very much inclined to like him. She had a woman's quick appreciation of his good taste and good manners, and a proper degree of deference is always pleasing.

When she first saw him, she could have found it in her heart to say, "So you're come to look after us, and see how long we're likely to keep you out of your own!" such was her shrewdness in guessing. If she had spoken her mind, as she usually did, it was thus she would have spoken; but something, probably the softening influence that has been mentioned, restrained her, and she had not uttered the thought.

Now she urged his stay with a peremptoriness from which there was no escape, and he was obliged to postpone his departure indefinitely for the present.

One change in their mode of life the sisters made: at each meal one or other of them joined their guest alone, each taking it in turn to act as their brother's keeper. At other times their superintendence was less vigilant, though they seldom allowed him to be out of their sight. He was to be seen wandering all about the place, muttering inarticulate sounds, and gathering up all the bits of paper and other rubbish which came in his way. He set an especial value on any pieces of written paper, and had a magpie-like habit of concealing them about his person, and his room.

One morning that gentleman found himself first in the dining-room, when, turning to the window which stood open, he saw the very apparition that had frightened Peggy. This time it did not retreat, but stood gibbering at him across the barrier. An ugly frown of mingled disgust and impatience, came upon the captain's face, and with an angry gesture he warned the idiot off. The result was a hideous yell which rang through the house, and brought both the sisters to the spot. Under their protection, the poor creature continued to make frantic demonstrations of dislike to the captain; while the latter found it impossible to conceal his repugnance and horror.

At length the idiot's burst of passion ended in miserable weeping, and he was led away by Miss Janet, who exercised over him a more soothing influence than did his sister.

A man of tender heart, as well as nervous susceptibility, would have been deeply moved to see the tall though stooping figure led away, weeping like a child, soothed by the foolish words women lavish upon infants.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A PASTIME.

MISS MARGERY'S eye was on the captain; but, amid his evident pain, she could discern no trace of feeling for the unhappy cause of the unpleasant scene which had

ushered in the peaceful, sunny Sunday morning. She had not seen the expression and gesture, which had created the disturbance; but she divined something very near the truth concerning it.

"He will not do that if you show him kindness," she said, rather coldly. "He is in the habit of doing it to any one he takes a dislike to—to servants who, we afterwards found, had made faces at him, or otherwise offended him."

"I fear I was startled by his sudden appearance," said the captain, with a great self-possession, adding, impolitically, "I wonder how you are able to manage him; would it not be better if you sent him away?"

"Yes," said Margery Oglivie, in her hardest tone, and looking sternly at the young man: "hide him away! let the whole punishment fall on him—the innocent. Horace Oglivie! if we try to escape the judgment of God in one way, it will reach us in another. It will come in hard hearts and sinful lives, and that's worse than sorrowful ones. My sister and I have lived under this sore burden the best part of our lives, and we are likely enough to die under it. We've accepted the heavy punishment of the Almighty, for the evil lives of them that went before us, and he has been pleased to keep us back from their sins."

Her words carried no sort of conviction of reasonableness to Horace Oglivie; but he bent his head with grave reverence while she was speaking; and it was with perfect truth that he intimated his respect for the feeling she had expressed.

Still the captain felt that he had lost ground with his relative, and that to regain it he must be more upon his good behaviour than ever.

"It's a mysterious dispensation," she continued, "that the wrath of the Almighty should fall upon the guiltless; but I'll take care that he does not suffer from the cruelty of men."

Margery Oglivie knew that the sacrifice of her life had not been made for nothing, for even in those days the treatment given to such as her afflicted brother, made their lives lives of suffering as well as of deprivation. There were no such alleviations of their misfortune as the noble intellect and gentle heart of Dr. Conolly were about to devise.

In due time the captain was under orders to attend Miss Margery to church—the sisters enjoying that privilege in turn. It was not the church of Strathie which they frequented, though that was their parish kirk. They had been brought up Episcopalians; but though there was a small chapel in the neighbourhood of Oglivie Castle, there was none near enough "the Forest House," and they had, or rather Miss Margery had, exercised the privilege of choice in the matter, and had selected the Presbyterian preacher most to their mind. The church was distant a mile or two, on the other side of Delaube, and thither the captain was marched accordingly.

When there, the captain could not help looking round upon the audience, and wondering what manner



of men and women these might be. There was one whom he noted particularly: a young man about his own age, whose face even he, fastidious as he was, pronounced strikingly handsome, only that, instead of being "sicklied o'er," it wore the livery of perfect health. He found himself turning to this face, to read the effect of the sermon. A grave, intellectual fervour sat there from beginning to end of it.

By the time it was over, Horace Oglivie was very uncomfortable. "These people would drive me mad in no time," was his mental ejaculation. He satisfied Miss Margery, unintentionally this time with the gravity, not to say solemnity, of his demeanour. Had she known of his discomfort, she would have been still better content, and have considered him in a very promising state of mind. On the way back he quietly declined discussion, but showed that he fully appreciated the points of the preacher.

But he also declined to accompany Miss Janet to the evening *sederunt*, which was the fashion at Mr. Keith's church, and broke through his bondage by wandering out at his will.

For reasons of his own he had kept his recent interview with Peggy Oglivie to himself. It would have been difficult to account to Miss Margery for that interview—impossible to disclose the motive which had led him to seek it: namely, to satisfy himself as to what chance there existed of her cutting him out through near neighbourhood.

He had not been greatly struck, or particularly charmed, by Peggy. He thought her a nice little thing enough, but no great beauty; not likely at all to be dangerous by reason of spirit or worldly wisdom: on the whole, rather childish. Still, he could not help wishing he might meet her. He was wretchedly dull, and he wanted to speak to some one who was sane at least. He could not help taking the way toward Delaube, "though doubtless," he thought, "the poor little thing is cooped up in one of these dreadful kirks."

He wandered on in the direction he had before taken, crossed the stream and got into the wood of

Delaube. He was rewarded sooner than he had expected by catching a glimpse of a white dress among the trees. He felt inspired by the promised pastime, and sprang eagerly up the slope that still lay between them. On a little platform, half way up the hill, on which rose a separate grove of firs, Peggy sat at the foot of a tree. She did look wonderfully like a mere pretty child in her frilled frock and clustering curls, as she came forward to meet him, for she had heard some one coming, and had looked out in the direction of his approach.

He was really glad of this second chance meeting, and said so, frankly. "I have followed the right track, after all," he said, "only I do not remember this particular spot."

"No, we did not pass here the other night," she answered, and proceeded to point out the position of the place to him.

They were at ease at once. His assumption of a right to a friendly footing accomplished this.

"Coming here is pleasanter than going to the kirk, at any rate," and he was proceeding to caricature the sermon of the morning, to avenge himself for the discomfort it had given him; but seeing the girl look grave, he desisted, and recounted the experience of the morning instead.

Peggy had a very lively recollection of her own, and gave him ready sympathy. She was certainly very winning and it was a very pleasant pastime to sit there and see the admiration deepen in those clear eyes as he talked of himself, a theme of which he did not soon weary. He hated the life of inaction to which the profession of a soldier in time of peace condemned him. He wished he had been called to the bar, where he would have had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He enlarged his aspirations as his listener enlarged her belief in them, and what is more, he believed in them himself. That was certainly pleasant. It was curious that, with a chit of a girl, evidently reared like a rustic, he should feel a greater amount of satisfaction with himself, than he had ever done even in securing the flattery of a really fine woman.

(To be continued.)

## WALTER'S PROMISE.



SHALL go with you, Tom, to see you off," said Walter Clariss to his brother.

Tom was just starting away from home to join a ship lying at anchor in Plymouth Bay. They walked some distance along the road which led to the harbour without speaking, their hearts being full of sadness at the thought of the long separation that was to take place between them.

At length Tom broke silence, saying, as he laid his hand affectionately on Walter's shoulder, "There is one thing I want you to promise me before we part, and I am sure you will try to do it for my sake."

"That I will, Tom! Do tell me what it is; I shall be glad to do anything you ask me."

"Well," answered Tom, "you know when father came back from his last voyage to India, where I am now going, he made me a present of a new spade, a rake, and a hoe, and told me he should expect me to keep our little garden free from weeds and well cultivated. That is now half a year ago, and you know in what state I have kept the garden ever since, and what sort of a garden I have now left it. Father went to sea again about a fortnight after I had begun gardening, and is expected back, in a few weeks from the Cape. I want him to see that his garden has been well taken care of. But as weeds

will be sure to spring up if it is neglected only a few days, I want you to promise me that you will try to keep them out, and take care of the plants that are now growing up in it, so that when he returns he may find a nice garden, full of vegetables and fruit-trees, and no weeds. Will you do this for me?"

"Oh, yes, that I will!" Walter answered, earnestly. "I have learned from you how to manage a garden, and I shall be glad to do it for father's sake, as well as for yours; and I hope when you come home," he said, in a faltering tone, "that you will find the garden quite as nice as you have left it; and, indeed, it is beautiful now."

Tom smiled, and patted his brother heartily on the back, saying, "Thank you; you have now done me more good than carrying my bundle, which I think it is now my turn to take on my own shoulder. I shall now feel my mind at ease when far away on the billows, and thinking of you and the garden, which I shall soon leave far behind me."

Tears came into Walter's eyes as the last words were uttered, for looking before him at the same time in the distance, he saw the harbour and the ships, one of which he knew was soon to weigh anchor and set sail with his brother on board, while he should be returning home without him.

"Cheer up, my lad," cried Tom, "and wipe away your tears. We must part now, but I hope we shall soon meet again."

Walter saw his brother get into the ship's boat, which rowed him away from the land to join the brig in which he was to sail—saw him climb up the vessel's side and go aboard, when, waving their hats as a last farewell, Tom was soon out of sight, and Walter stood, as if riveted to the spot, till the good ship left her moorings, spread her sails to the wind, and gradually disappeared from his view.

Walter had now seen his brother off. He must now go back alone. He felt sad and lonely as he began to retrace his steps homeward, but, with the elasticity of youth he soon recovered his spirits, and when he arrived at home, and had taken his supper, he went into the garden. Going into the little shed, he looked at the garden tools, all bright with use, and remembered the pledge he had given to Tom, to ply them well, and to keep them, and the garden too, in good order. So he resolved to get up early next morning to begin his work before going to school, as Tom used to do. He had not been in the habit of rising very early, and feared he should not be up in time, so he asked his mother to wake him about five o'clock. She promised to do so. Walter was fast asleep when his mother began calling him. She called him again and again several times before he awoke, and heard her telling him it was time to get up. He rubbed his eyes, turned himself round, and answered his mother with a sleepy "y-e-s;" but thoughts of his brother and the garden soon roused him, and he rose hastily and dressed himself, and fetched his hoe, and went round the garden to see what was needed to be done. He soon found something to do. There were a few lettuces to be trans-

planted; some peas to be gathered, but no weeds to be rooted up; the ground was still quite clear. He worked hard until breakfast-time, when he ate some bread and milk and went off to school. As it was above two miles from home, he took his dinner with him, and remained until the evening. He was then coming straight home, when some of his schoolfellows stopped him, and asked him to have a game with them first on the road. He told them he should like it much, but he had no time to spare.

"What can you have now to do, I wonder? school is over, and our work is done until to-morrow," said one of them.

"But I have gardening to do when I get home."

"Oh, is that all; then let the garden wait another day, and come and play with us now;" and two or three boys took hold of him by each arm, to force him to go with them on the common for a game at ball.

Walter resisted, and begged them to let him go for his brother's sake, whom, he told them, he had promised not to neglect the garden. As they all respected Tom, they said, "Well, we will let you off this time, but to-morrow we shall listen to no more excuses about the garden or Tom either."

Walter felt rather discouraged by this treatment, and thought it rather hard to suffer opposition from his schoolfellows, and to give up some of his play-time for the sake of working in the garden. But then he remembered his pledge, which he would not forfeit for all the world. He thought of Tom. "What would he say to me if he knew that I was already getting tired of the work which he has left me to do? No, no," he said to himself, "Walter will be true to Tom, come what will of it."

After supper, Walter finished transplanting the lettuces, fixed some rods in rows for the scarlet runners, and began digging a deep trench for setting out celery plants; and next day, with some difficulty, he aroused himself from his sweet slumber about five o'clock, and went to his garden to work afresh to finish his trench.

School-time came and passed away, and then the dreaded threat rose up in his mind as he started off to go home. All the boys set upon him, and, much against his will, he felt obliged to submit and go with them to play. It was too late, and he felt himself too tired when he got home to work in the garden before he went to bed. He told his mother how he had been hindered from coming home sooner, and she said she would tell the clergyman when he called next time about it, and perhaps he would speak to Mr. Hibbert, the schoolmaster, to do something to keep the boys from meddling with him. After a few days that gentleman, in his usual rounds, called upon her, and he did as she desired him.

As a punishment for what they had done, the schoolmaster kept the boys in school a quarter of an hour later than the usual time for dismissal, and let Walter go at the right time. By this means he got home early that evening, and was able to work as before in the garden for an hour or two extra.

Walter found his work had been thrown back at a very busy time, through losing several evenings; yet he hoped things would go on more smoothly for the future.

But poor Walter was not aware of what was smouldering in the breast of one big boy in the school against him. That boy was Arthur Cooper, a big strong fellow, who was too idle to do anything but mischief. He was vexed at being kept in school through Walter, whom he always disliked for his diligence as a scholar, and more still now for the praise which the master gave him, before the whole school, for his industry in keeping his father's garden so nice and trim. He thought he would like to spite him in some way without exposing himself to punishment. He lived within ten minutes' walk of Walter's cottage, and the thought came into his mind that he would get up very early and look at "Walter's famous garden," as he called it, and see if he could do anything there to vex him. He went, but before he reached it he saw Walter's straw hat just above the hedge. He stopped short, and turned back again. "I'm too late this morning; I'll go to-night, after Walter is in bed," he muttered to himself.

Poor Walter's vexation next morning, when, on going into the garden, he saw the havoc which had been done in the night, can be more easily imagined than described. There were pea-sticks knocked down, and the peas trailing on the ground; his beds of plants, that he had been working at so hard, entirely laid waste; his celery trench, which had cost him so much labour, made useless. He knew not what to do. At first, indeed, he could do nothing but cry. He went back to the house, and sat down sullenly on a chair, till his mother came down-stairs. Then he took her to the garden, and showed her what had happened. She was very sorry, and tried to soothe the grief of her dear Walter, of whom she was, and had good reason to be, very fond; but all her efforts to do so seemed in vain. Walter could not be comforted. All that day he remained at home in a very gloomy mood indeed. His mother, not mindful of her lameness, went to the school, and told the master why her son was absent, and also desired him to try to find out whether any of the boys had acted so spitefully against her son as to come in the night and spoil his garden.

The master was shocked to hear what had been done, as he truly suspected, by one of his boys. He said he was grieved to hear what had happened, and promised to do his best to find out, and also to punish as he deserved, any boy in his school who had dared to do so wicked and shameful a deed; but first he wished to come and see the garden, and desired it to be left as it was found in the morning. In the evening he came, and saw, by the foot-prints in the soft mould, that if any of the boys had done it, it must have been one of the biggest. There were only three very big lads in the school: Thomas Watson, who lived quite in another direction, and

who did not seem at all to be a vicious boy; Robert Hands, who was known to be a very gentle, respectable youth, and apparently quite incapable of such outrageous conduct; and Arthur Cooper, who lived at the "White Bear," and who bore anything but a good character, whether at home or at school.

Mr. Hibbert was strongly inclined to believe that Cooper was the real culprit; but he could not be sure; he was without positive proof of the fact. He said, however, that he would try to find him out. In the meantime, he advised Walter, in a kind, sympathising tone, to take courage, and set to work at once to repair as far as possible, the mischief that had been done; and to give him time to do so, he said he would let him have a holiday the next day.

Walter thanked his kind master, and as soon as he was gone, went to look for his spade; but it was missing from its place in the shed, and nowhere to be seen. This was a fresh trouble to the poor boy, and made him wish again that Tom had never asked him to look after the garden. He thought somebody must have taken it away. What should he do without it? It was his brother's spade, too, that was lost—one that he prized so much, because his father had given it to him. He ran in-doors, to tell his mother of his new trouble. She was quite perplexed what to say to him, for she was poor, and could not well afford to buy another spade; but she told him to search everywhere about the garden for it, and she would help him. For a long time they searched in vain. At last, when they were thinking of giving it up for lost, Walter saw a large brass button on the ground, close to the hedge, and as he stooped to pick it up, he found the spade lying flat at the bottom. He was so delighted to find the spade, that he forgot all about the button, and left it where it was. But afterwards he remembered the button, and went to fetch it. He could not think how it had come there, or whom it belonged to; he showed it to his mother, and she sagaciously said he had better take care of it, and give it to Mr. Hibbert when he went to school again, as very likely it belonged to the boy who had been in the garden, and had got rubbed off his jacket in climbing over the hedge; and if so, it would help the master to find out what boy had done the mischief. Walter then carefully put it away in his waistcoat pocket, till he should go to school again.

It was now too late to work that evening; so Walter could not begin to do so before the morning. Then he found it sad work to do over again what he had done so well before; but, urged by the promise he had made to Tom, he went on steadily with his heavy task, till in the evening it was all finished, and looked again almost as nice and neat as ever.

As soon as Walter came to school—and he was almost the first boy there—he went to Mr. Hibbert, who was sitting at his desk, and told him how he had made the garden all right again; and then he took out the button from his pocket, and gave it to him, telling him where and how it was found, as

his mother desired him. His master thanked him for it; and when all the boys were present, he asked if any boy had lost a brass button from his jacket, as one had been found, and he would give it to the owner, on his coming to him for it.

All the boys who had metal buttons on their clothes examined them, to see if they had any missing. Cooper was the only boy who missed one, and, thinking it had perhaps been picked up from the schoolroom floor on the previous day when the room was swept, came forward to claim it.

Mr. Hibbert asked him if the one he held in his hand was really his; and, looking at and comparing it closely with the other buttons on his jacket, he said he was quite sure it belonged to no one but himself.

"Where did you lose it?" asked the master.

"I don't know; s'pose it dropped off in this here room yesterday; but I never missed it till jest now as you spoke about it; all as I knows is, it's mine, and I'll thank ye to give it me, please, sir."

"Very well," said the master, "you shall have it presently; but tell me, first, whether you didn't lose it the day before yesterday."

"May be I did, sir, I really don't know zactly when; any how, I'm glad you've found it, because I haven't another at home to match it, and the jacket looks bad like with a button short."

"That's enough. Now listen to me. You say positively this button is yours?"

"Yes, I do; and I have proved it, too."

"Very well. Then I can prove another thing, and that is, that the owner of this button, whoever he is, is a most mischievous, wicked fellow, who deserves to be, and shall be, most severely flogged."

"How's that, sir?" the boy said, in a faltering tone.

"Just listen, boys, and let it be a warning to you all that your sin will be sure to find you out. This very button, which Arthur Cooper firmly declares to be his, was found last night in Walter Clariss's garden, where, the night before, somebody had got in and did all the harm he could, trampling down the plants, and spoiling the garden-beds. It was lying close to the hedge, where Walter's spade had been thrown down, and must, of course, have been torn off the wearer's jacket by the bushes as he got back over the hedge. Those of you who think this is Cooper's button, and that it was he who broke into Walter's garden, and injured it as I have told you, will hold up your hands."

All hands were up in an instant.

"Do you see," said the master, addressing Cooper, "there is not a boy in the school who does not believe you are guilty, and therefore the one who must now be flogged as you deserve."

Cooper hung down his head, and said nothing.

The master then got out his cane from his desk, and ordered the boy to take off his jacket.

Meanwhile Walter rose from his seat and came up to Mr. Hibbert, and begged him not to punish Cooper this time, if he would only own his fault, and promise never to do so again.

The boy still stood mute, as before.

"You will not confess, then," said the master, once more raising the cane ready to strike him; "then off with your jacket."

Cooper made a slow attempt to remove it.

"Let me help you," said Mr. Hibbert, taking it by the collar behind, and pulling it off in an instant. He then gave some smart strokes with his cane on the boy's back, which brought the tears into his eyes, and made him roar out, sobbingly—

"Yes, I did it; but I won't do it again, if you'll only leave off now. Oh! oh! I can't stand this beating. Oh! pray do let me alone."

The master paused. "I see," said he, "it is only because you find the punishment less easy to bear than you thought it would be that you are now ready to yield. I don't think your confession, or your promise either, for such a reason, ought to induce me to leave off beating you, until you have had the full punishment that you deserve, and you have not had half enough yet; but as I see Walter rising again to plead for you, I will, for his sake, let you off now, hoping you will not break the promise you have made, never to do any more harm either to Walter or his garden."

When school was dismissed, Cooper ran home without speaking a word to anybody. The boys said, "Let him go, we don't want his company. Who would have thought, he was such a bad fellow as he is? We know him now, and won't have anything more to do with him." Walter Clariss was surrounded with a lot of them, all asking the particulars of what had occurred in the garden, and expressing their gladness that Cooper was found out, and, as they said, "jolly well punished for it." "But," said some of them, "why didn't you let the master thrash him more, as he ought to have been?"

Walter replied, "We are taught to forgive our enemies, and so I thought I ought to forgive him."

"You are right," said they, "and we hope he will be your enemy no longer—at least, he ought not to be."

For many days after this Walter and his garden got on very well. He worked at it regularly every morning and evening. Everything flourished. Walter enjoyed the fruit of his toil, and all he wished for was, that his father would come home soon, and see the garden as it then was.

No sooner was it quite completed, than Walter's father came home, and looked at the garden with an expression of delight, and heartily praised both Walter and his brother for the great pains they had taken with it. Walter now felt more than repaid for all his trouble; and looked forward with pleasure to the time when Tom should return and receive his share of the praise which the father had bestowed upon them both. At last he came, and finding that Walter had honoured his word, and had fulfilled his promise, in spite of all hindrances, he rewarded him with a "jolly" present, which he had brought for him from India.

W. H.